Amusement News

Personalities Sport

15 Cents H. K.

September 10 00 22

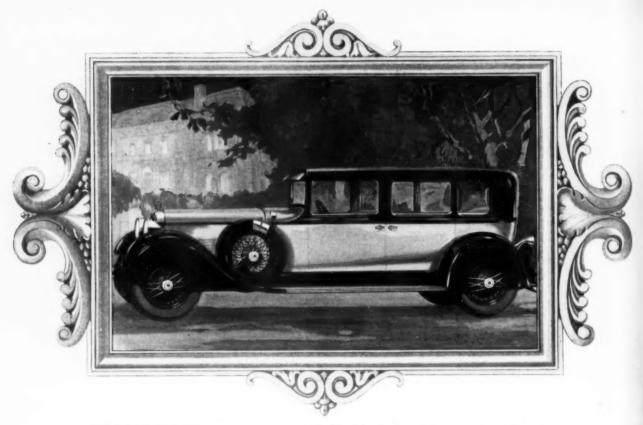








GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT



NEW TODAY! AN OUTSTANDING LEADER-SHIP IN MOTOR-CAR ADVANCEMENT IS REAFFIRMED BY A BRILLIANT NEW STUTZ SERIES, NOW READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION

You will want to see the new flexible front seat, heretofore used only in Weymann custom-built bodies, the most comfortable motor seat ever built, and easily adjustable.

You will want to see how the front seat folds backward, converting interior of car into a commodious resting place.

You will want to see how the outward appearance of the car has been improved with novel head and tail lights, smart bumpers, folding trunk rack, new running-board moulding, etc.

You will want to see the luxurious interior trim, richly harmonized with onyx embellishments.

You will want to see the disappearing arm rests, the adjustable steering wheel, the safety glass windows, the bumper running boards.

You will want to see the new spring suspension which gives the car greater riding comfort.

You will want to see the larger valve system which gives the powerful engine still more power, the responsive thermostat, the rugged water pump, the new muffler by-pass, all motor refinements.

But most of all you will want to see how Stutz obtains its lowest center of gravity, thereby giving superlative comfort, beauty, safety.

THE LOW-WEIGHTED

STUTZ



THERE is no other watch strap like SUREFIT. No other made all in one piece of flexible gold or silver. This exclusive feature accounts for unusual comfort ... and unusual safety, too. For both men's and women's wrist watches, SUREFIT is made in many charming styles—from as little as \$1.50 to \$50. All smart jewelers sell them.



SUREFIT

Metal Watch Straps

for MEN and WOMEN

Patented Sept. 24, 1918, and July 22, 1919

Bliss Brothers Co., Attleboro, Mass.



RHYMED REVIEWS

Show Girl

By J. P. McEvoy.

Simon & Schuster.

THE gods or imps that rule Broadway Bestowed on lovely Dixie Dugan The sex appeal of Gilda Gray, The artless grace of Jackie Coogan.

They made her just the type of minx, So honest, daring, pure and clever, That every chorus lady thinks She'd be with any chance whatever.

She drank and drank, but somehow kept Intact her virtue, health and beauty; She made whoopie while others slept And still reported fit for duty.

And if you think she didn't gain
All sorts of Mazda-lighted glories,
You don't possess the kind of brain
That's any good for writing stories.

A throng of suitors tried to hook
Our saucy little night club dancer,
Whose stunts would make the prudent
look
Askance at first, and then askancer.

But Dixie crossed them off her list,—
The card-and-motto salesman, Denny,
And young Alvarez, tangoist,
A lover quite as warm as any.

She dropped a multimillionaire Who'd give when something cute said "Gimme!"

To win (they'll make a frisky pair)

Her tabloid scribe and playwright,

Jimmy.

And thus we turn the final page
To leave with sweet regret a show girl
Who even in a speedy age

Is not what one would term a slow girl.

Arthur Guiterman.

REVIVED

Young Reggie had just been chastised by his paternal parent for allowing the garden roller to run into the greenhouse wall.

He sought consolation from his mother.
"Mamma," he asked. "did Grandpa spank
Daddy when he was little?"

"Yes, dear."

"And did his Daddy spank him?"
"Yes."

A pause.

"Well," said the small boy wearily, "who started this thing, anyway?"

-Answers (London).

REFRIGERATION

EXPERIMENTERS are testing devices for cooling the atmosphere in dwelling houses. Have they tried the arrival of a big crowd of relatives along about dinner time when there is nothing in the house to eat?—Detroit News.



to the WISE smoker



HERE'S a little gem of wisdom for the man who wants the best that smoking can give him—a healthy, protected mouth means a cool, joyous smoke. There's a lot in that thought. There won't be much opportunity for the first smoke to bite or growl, or for the last one to be sour or bitter—every puff will hit the spot, if you will just give your mouth the care that it deserves. If you make Squibb's Dental Cream an intimate rite in your smoking routine.

For Squibb's not only puts your mouth in a healthy condition but, by depositing tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia in the mouth crevices, it keeps it so. At night it relieves any possible irritation or distaste. 40c at any druggist's.

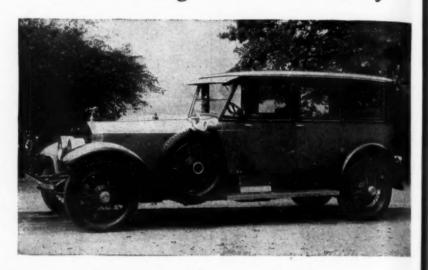
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ROLLS-ROYCE motor cars at re-sale in seven types of coachwork from \$4,000 to \$12,900 available for inspection, by appointment, at Rolls-Royce branches throughout the country

PICKWICK \$9,000

A sedan which finds its place in the motor equipment of any family. Roomy and comfortable, it accommodates seven passengers easily. Division back of the driving seat converts it for chauffeur driving when desired. KS-204-KF is in gray Duco finish, luxuriously upholstered in velour to match.



PICCADILLY

\$8,500

The graceful lines of KS-5-CW are accented in black on the cream Duco finish. The rumble seat serves a double purpose; two extra passengers may be accommodated in comfort, or luggage and golf bags stowed away. New coachwork on a chassis in excellent condition promises the appearance, safety and performance of a new car.

Booklet on request

ROLLS-ROYCE

New York—58th at Eighth Ave. Newark—190 Washington St. Boston—1035 Commonwealth Ave. Chicago—123 Oak Street, East Cincinnati, 11 East 8th St. Los Angeles—3136 Wilshire Blvd. CLEVELAND—7505 Carnegie Ave. PITTSBURGH—3939 Forbes St. SAN FRANCISCO—461 Post St. COLUMBUS—362 East Broad St. PHILADELPHIA—Walnut and 21st St. Montreal—4010 St. Catherine St.,

West

Springfield, Mass.—454 Bridge St. Hartford—326 Pearl St.



OUR CANDIDATE STARTS HIS CABINET

"Every Rich Man Now Pictures Himself as Another Mellon"

WILL ROGERS

lately to my Cabinet.

In fact I think all three of us Candidates have, Because you can't hardly get a man to promise to do anything for you with- Fords.

out offering him a Cabinet position.

Now take that fellow Work, he is making up the boquets for Hoover to throw, and you can't tell me that ain't in line to better his position, instead of being Secretary of the Interior, or some of those other mythical jobs.

He is going to throw a fit if he draws anything less than Secretary of State.

You see since Hughes went in there of Another financier. and introduced whiskers and dignity to it, it is considered about the prize one they all shoot at.

move two chairs nearer to the President Aviators. every Tuesday at the White House.

Then there is this Raskob, that jumped Prominence.

You can't tell me that that little tase of front page won't make him want to

salesman's report of how many Chevrolets

No Sir, Al has promised that Baby that his throwing his board of Director time with what is generally referred to as the minority Party will not go unrewarded. I don't look for Raskob to make a stab

at the Secretary of State's chair, I look for him picturing himself asking financier Mellon gently but firmly to get up, that his chair was to fall into the possession

Mellon might not know it but he has caused more unrest and more secret ambitions to be smouldering under hairy and So you watch Work, he will want to rich chests than Lindbergh stirred among

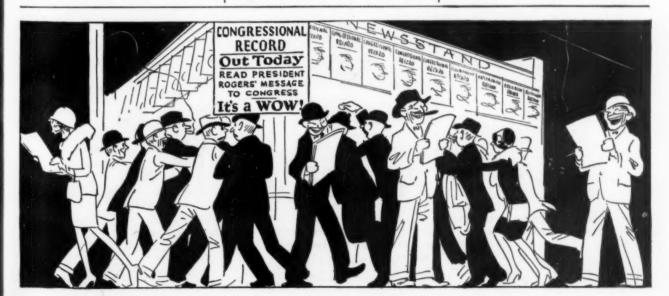
Every rich man now pictures himself as another Mellon. The rich man used to overnight from a Buick into National think that he would be slumming if he of dry holes, and he will commence to mixed himself up with any of those Pumpkin Seed jobs, Like a Cabinet officer, Why be one of those when all you had honest, and incompetent type politician.

I BEEN a giving a mighty lot of thought | listen to what Mussolini said in answer | to do was to control one? But Mellon to our last note, instead of listening to a stepped out and got so much publicity that all the rest began to think, "How were traded in during the past week for long has this been going on? Let me get a crack at the Country's money, I will show 'em how to run it into some real jack.'

So now the Treasury position has grown till the Presidency is dwarfed. "Why be the President when you can be the Guy who pays the President?"

It's like the Highway Commission in State Governments, Who wants to be the Governor of a state if you can get on the Highway Commission? That's where the pickings are.

We are great runners in cycles anyhow. After Mellon we will get the idea that it will take a rich man to handle money, That will go along for a few years till some old rich Bird as Treasurer will make some private investments and hits a series getting our money mixed up with his, and then we will return to the poor,





"You're going to have the time of your life!"

So from all this it looks like I am doing more picking the Cabinets of my opponents than I am my own, But you just watch those two predictions and see where they come out. Course there can't but one of them come out, For they both can't be elected.

Now as to my own affairs.

I have made a lot of promises, But they were only political promises and I have no idea of keeping any of them.

I can promise the best Cabinet of any of them, Henry Ford would be my Secretary of the Treasury, He would make us forget that illuminum pays as well as shines, and as for General Motors and Raskob and that gang, we would cut our profit to \$300.00 a car and put them right out of business. Say, Ford could take our little dab of money, that our Treasury has, and let him handle it a little while and he would have us out of the Red by Xmas. And as for my Secretary of State, What's the matter with using Coolidge? He knows everything that a Secretary of State does and I believe a man could get him worth the money.

So with Calvin and Henry in there I got the neuclus of a pretty snorty cabinet. You see I am in a position to get the best THERE are only five more weeks in which likely they won't even be wearing them

Manager to take care of. And there are no "president makers" in our party that has to be rewarded. I'm self-made.

There is some fellow named "Vox Poppuli" or something like that, I don't know who he is, But I want him for Post Master General, he writes more letters than anybody.

(Watch this space every week for Our Candidate's great speeches.)

Anti-Bunk Bulletin

DID you listen-in on the first two Anti-Bunk Radio Rallies? They were broadcast over the Columbia Chain of twentyone stations, and, judging from the response that we have had and the number of requests for Will Rogers campaign buttons, the country as a whole is solid for Our Candidate.

There will be another big rally on October 10, announcement of which will appear in LIFE next week.

In these days, when the air waves are being burdened with the heavy oil of political bunk, it is pleasant to listen to a radio program that inspires laughs instead of yawns.

talent available, For I have no Campaign to join the Anti-Bunk Party-only five

more weeks in which to identify yourself with the great Crusade against Hooey, Remember, we won't accept any enlist-ments after Election Day, November 6.

Address all applications for membership or for campaign buttons (or even both) to Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

FOOLISH QUESTION

Man: Don't come around this week. My wife's people are visiting us.

HIS BOOTLEGGER: And they object to liquor?

MAN: Not at all. They brought some with them.

WEARING KILTS

FIRST Scot: Who was that laddie I saw you with last night?

SECOND SCOT: Hoot mon, that was no laddie, that was my wife.

SOMETIMES, when we despair of politicians, we turn to imagining a government composed of H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton, and are at once reconciled to the existing or-



"Why put your bathing suit away? Most next year."



"Psst! It's three-two in the sixth-favor tha Yanks!"

National Parks

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A NATIONAL park is a place where tourists sit up so late every night talking about the perfectly glorious sunrises over the mountains that they never get up early enough to see them.

Several national parks are equipped with geysers; others have porcelain drinking fountains, and a few merely serve grapefruit for breakfast every morning.

inns. Dinner will cost you no more than at your favorite night club.

You will find the park zoo of interest. The eagle perches up in a dark corner where he can't be seen, and the wildcat always is asleep in his box.

There are dances every evening. They start as soon as the high-salaried college boys in the orchestra get through their chores in the cafeteria.

shortest trails back to camp, but the guides can tell some awfully good jokes about the people they had out last week.

High-gear highways lead into many parks now; you can always reach them in second or low, barring bad weather.

FOOTBALL COACH (to team, just before the big game): Now, play hard, Tapefruit for breakfast every morning. Saddle horses and guides are available boys. And remember, there are two be cigarette manufacturers in the stands. boys. And remember, there are two big



ALONG THE MAIN STEM



The mob was gabbing about Jean West's recent marriage to Byron Chandler, the mil-lionaire, and we couldn't get over the good breaks that happen to chorus

girls. I think you met Jean when you were here last. She was the cute little sorrel-topped thing with the shapely Mistinguettes who used to hoof and mouth it down at the Frivolity and Silver Slipper Clubs. Well, anyhow, when Mr. Chandler came there he lost little time proposing, and so they were married and the last we heard of them, they were sleigh-riding or ice-skating at St. Moritz, which is a tall millinery place in Switzer-

Jean deserves that kind of break, anyway. Her rep around the Stem was always Ar and everybody liked the kid. But can you imagine leaping from an ordinary café revue right into all of that gelt at

DEAR PAL WILLARD: | one clip? Golly! You seldom hear of any salesladies doing it. I take that back. Hope Hampton was a saleslady when Jules Brulatour came to shop in a Philadelphia store and Hope happened to be rolling her big blue orbs at him and bing! just like that, she had him. Mr. B. is the man who gets a third of a penny from each Eastman kodak negative that is sold. He gets something like that, at any rate, and last season he backed his frau in a flop which cost him \$300,000. But he considered the money well spent because the critics raved about his wife's vocalizing.

Am I too vulgar? Oh, I could bore you to death with chorus girls who clicked with the nobility, the money and the Carriage Trade, but the most interesting romance around here concerned Frances Mildern, also of the Frivolity Club and later of "Rio Rita." Frances appeared in revues where she had to reveal plenty of undraped cuticle but on the Sabbath she officiated as a Sunday School teacher up on Washington Heights. Only eighteen, but a Sunday schoolma'am.

Her boy friend, whose name doesn't

matter, was a preacher and he used to call for Frances every three o'clock in the morning at her café. Now here is the cute part of it. He was young and goodlooking, which explains why Frances cared in a big way, and when he came into the night club he went to the washroom, where he lowered his coat collar and then turned his collar around, affixing a hand-made bow tie. Then he ankled into the club proper and waited for his "heart," and those of us on the sidelines thought it was the most different romance we had ever witnessed along Boloney Boulevard.

The long-distance love affair record. however, is the case of a boy and girl who started cooing when they were fourteen. That was seven years ago. They met at public school and both graduated into the ensembles of Ziegfeld shows. She spurns the attentions of stage door Johnnies and others and he won't look at other ankles, either. The reason they have never married is that they feel it "isn't time yet."



But they are saving their money and it whoopee long now. It appears that he makes swell gin on the side, which he peddles for \$1.50 a quart (ritz for convulsion), but the opposition is so strong

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in Times Square now that business has been terrible.

Speaking of love, Willard, I just heard the origin of the First Dirty Irish Trick. Mary Daly of "The Three Musketeers" relayed it to me. It seems that in Ireland centuries ago there was a lad named Phil McCool. A handsome boy he was, too, and the colleens of the valley of Slievenaman pursued him. So to give them all a fair break he told them that if they would race up a certain hill, the winner would become his bride. They agreed.

When they reached the top of the hill, however, they discovered McCool in the arms of another woman and That Is the Origin of the First Dirty Irish Trick!

Walter Winchell.

INSPIRATION

His office boy sat drumming loudly on the desk.....Fifteen minutes later the great inventor had drawn up plans for the first outboard motor.

FIRST Co-ED: I don't see you going out with that Anatomy Professor any more. SECOND CO-ED: No, I've loarned my



"Here, boy, why don't you pay attention? Are you an idiot or something?" "N-no, sir. I'm just air-minded."



SKIPPY'S LETTERS

By Percy L. Crosby

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Here it is Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday an Monday an I ain't got so much as a satin postcard from Carol. All that time I've been countin my fingers over an they're still ten. So I makes up my mind to forget all about her an lose myself in the woods back of the house. So I walk down by the brook an so help me if the whole place ain't singin love. I watched two dragon flies hoppin from rock to rock an all around the trees. The man dragon fly had a very bright green pair of pants on, but the lady dragon fly didn't care for green, I guess, an off she goes with a dragon fly with the dirtiest brown pants you ever saw. Then I get to thinkin of that new guy that lives next door to Carol. I never seen him yet that he didn't have a brown suit on.

Then I tried to get my mind off it an I looked at some ants. One little ant was carryin a great big spider home for supper. Maybe he thought he was a fisherman cartin home an octopus. Ants is very dumb anyway. Then I got to thinkin of spiders so I watched one makin a web. But it only made me think of the lace curtains we was goin to have in our house an I just couldn't stand it one more minan I paddle around in the brook. I was

I was in a bathtub so I puts on me shoes an stockins an decides to go down to the general store an buy Carol somethin an maybe that way I could scurry up some word from her. I'm beginnin to think she don't love me back any more. When a guy hasn't anybody to play with, you begin to feel it. I wouldn't care if there was some fellows or somethin, but no, sir, just animals down here an the hired man.

I borrowed fifteen cents outa the Sunday school barrel an bought a string of blue beads with it. But I showed 'em to Aunt Emily an she said it ain't proper to give jewelry to a girl. So I cut 'em up an had the chickens hoppin around all afternoon, flippin 'em with the beanshooter.

Well, all the beads is gone an I happen to remember of a picture Carol gave me. Only it was of the whole class, so when Aunt Emily isn't lookin I cop a lot of beauty spots off her bureau an paste 'em all over the other faces. I was so busy doin this that I found the only face I didn't paste up was Lizzie Krausmeyer's an it took me all afternoon liftin up the corners again, tryin to find Carol. I don't know whether I found her or not cause ute, so off comes me shoes an stockins they all came up fuzzy with no faces on at all. Then I begin to wonder how Carol havin a lot of fun but it made me think would look with white hair an I won-

dered if she had white hair an wrinkles all over her face would I like her? I don't know-yes, I would, too! But sometimes I hate her for not sendin a postcard. No I don't neither! Oh, Love's a funny busi-

Will you do me a favor but don't tell anybody? Ask her, an don't say I asked you, who she loves best-that guy with the brown suit, or me, or maybe somebody else? An if she don't love me, don't tell me cause I don't want to know.

Ask your old lady to get out the dream book an see what this dream means because if it means what I think it means, I'll be skatin on velvet the rest of me life. I couldn't close me eyes all last night, see, Sook, cause I got to thinkin so much about love. Then before I knew it-zingo! I bats out a little slumber. First I finds that I'm in a great big blue space. Then all of a sudden a long road as bright as silver plunks up against my feet. I never felt so happy before-I wanted to sing but I couldn't cause I was listenin, an this is crazy as a derby full o fleas, but it seemed as if all the music in the world was playin inside me, but how could I be all the world? I ain't big enough for that. I was even thinkin that in the dream.

I kept walkin along the road an then I skidded to the right an you coulda knocked me dead cause the first time that I noticed, there was a road runnin parallel to the one I was on, an it came to a junction, an there is Carol. I couldn't say nothin cause all the music went from me to her an I thought at the time, maybe I'm her an she's me. It was awful funny -we just sorta came together natural. There wasn't any place to go but just one road right from the fork. I didn't know what to do so I hesitated, but she takes hold of me an we go arm in arm on the one road. It was the first time I could find me tongue so I asks her what road is this. "Well," she says, "this is the road to happiness." An I says, "How do you know?" So she says, "Cause we're on a great big tuning fork an while we're together we're helping to make harmony for the Universe." I said, "You never sent me a postcard, what's the big idea?" Then, zippo! I dreamt I was a fly bein stirred up in a bowl of milk an I got dizzier an dizzier. Darned if I can remember the rest-

So see what the dream means an if it ain't any good I'll dream it over again tonight maybe, but I must remember not to make a crack about that postcard.

Affectionately sincere,

Skippy



POLITICAL

A Business Administration

ONE hears it often said that what this country needs is a business man for President. The theory is widespread that any good business executive could step into the White House and run the Government better than most politicians. The belief is general that the business man represents the highest all-around development of our American genius, despite the frequent demonstration that this much-admired class of citizen is credulous and ignorant outside of its own limited field.

The English public in 1916 became obsessed with this same idea. The natural prejudice against politicians which came about in war-time found expression in a demand for a "business Government." A considerable number of Englishmen prominent in commerce and industry were put either into Cabinet places or into other positions of great responsibility. The majority failed in their jobs. The much-advertised \$1-a-year men who took over affairs in Washington were not an enormous success, although our people were much impressed with the spectacle of \$100,000 executives working for nothing, even as a patriotic

There was a wave of sentiment a few years ago in favor of running Henry Ford for President. Mr. Ford is one of our great business men. When he delivers himself of public pronouncements on business, he usually exhibits knowledge and sound judgment. But the moment Mr. Ford ventures to discuss questions beyond his immediate experience, he utters trivialities and nonsense.

It is pleasant to reflect that whoever is elected President in this campaign will not be a business man.*

THE ENTHUSIASTIC protagonists of Mr. Hoover who are putting him forward as a business candidate are not recommending him. Mr. Hoover, it is true, nurtured for some years an ambition to get wealth, which he satisfied most successfully. He

was not a business man, but an engineer. He had behind him something more than the average business man's experience of trial and error. When he became Secretary of Commerce, he began to do marvelous things to and for Business, but he was not and did not become a business man. He is an executive, an administrator in the grand manner, somewhat in the tradition of those English proconsuls who founded and maintain the Empire.

He was not nominated for President because he was a business man or even an engineer, but because of his record of public service and his speedily developed. capacities as a politician. Seven million Belgians can't be wrong, not to mention one thousand delegates to the Republican National Convention.

Nobody has accused Alfred E. Smith of being a business man, although for two years he was in the trucking profession. From his earliest youth he has been in public office, his record in this respect being just one degree lengthier than that of Mr. Coolidge. If Mr. Smith is a busi- ask: "What about Mr. Mellon?" I knew

ness man, then Mr. Coolidge is the greatest lawyer since John Marshall or William Travers Jerome. The Governor has given New York State an efficient administration, and a far better administration than a simon-pure business man would have given. He is an excellent example of a politician who transmutes the experience of politics to large public purposes. You do not get this special sort of training in business, any more than you get Mr. Hoover's.

It may be argued that Mr. Smith is an unusual case, but the fact is that most politicians with intelligence deal with public questions on a far broader and more informed scale than the average, or even the superior, business man would do.

what with his overpowering prejudices and his unbounded faith in his own opinions. I can name several members of Congress whom I had rather see President than most of the famous figures in the world of Ameri-

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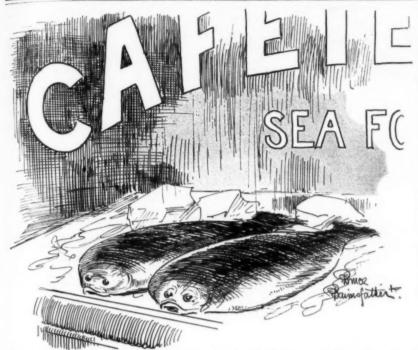
can business. Mr. Borah of Idaho would make a better Chief Executive than Mr. J. P. Morgan, or Mr. Longworth of Ohio than the head of the New York Stock Exchange.

At this point an indignant reader will



THE ASSOCIATE CADDIE

*Protests from the United States Chamber of Commerce must be accompanied by a selfaddressed, stamped envelope.



First Sole: Move your tail again, Jerry. We got a nice audience now but they'll walk out on us if we don't give 'em some action.

that subject would come up; it always does. The gentleman from Pittsburgh has made an effective Secretary of the Treasury, principally for the reason that he has prestige-value. I have never heard a serious suggestion that Mr. Mellon would yards—t wenty yards—Yay-y-y-make a good President, but I should rejoice in the experiment. Mr. Mellon Rah! Mowery! Mowery! Mowery!" is neither a business man nor a politician, although he fancies himself in both rôles. He is simply a person of fine instincts and excellent taste who happens to have inherited a large fortune, which he could not prevent growing larger. As President of the United States, he would combine the best features of Queen Wilhelmina, George V and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Liechtenstein.

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IF some public-spirited business man disagrees with these somewhat quaint conclusions, I challenge him to go into politics and prove me wrong. However, I hope nobody will mention the name of Mr. Dwight Morrow. No argument can be perfect. Let us leave him happily at work in Mexico.

Henry Suydam.

IN A RITZY JOINT

"That Chicago bootlegger must have spent a thousand bucks here tonight." "Speakeasy come, speakeasy go!"

The Point of View

(The cheering section sees the play.) "BILL MOWERY's got the ball! Come on, Bill, come on-look at him go-ten yards—twenty yards—Yay-y-y! All right, now, Bill, do it agai—Rah! Rah!

(The sports writer chronicles the

"Eel-hipped, elusive as a cat, Mowery slithered through the opposing line and reeled off twenty yards before-

(Sixty-eight girls in the stands drop a chance remark to their escorts.)

"Did I tell you that the last time I was out with Bill Mowery he said-"

(The head of the bond house witnesses the incident.)

"Wonder if his social connections are good enough for us to make him an offer -we might get a lemon like that thug last year-but this boy's certainly going to have a big name. I'll have to inquire about him.'

(Mr. Mowery's coach comments on the play.)

"Nice holes the line are opening out there-if we only had a backfield that "Max is the funniest-looking man I ever would've been a touchdown."

Edward L. Gordy.

Progress of Prohibition Enforcement

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., is "thoroughly convinced that Prohibition has increased our national efficiency," and figures from the Department of Health show that four persons die every day from poison liquor in New York alone; Canadian courts bring out the fact that one American whiskey smuggler spends \$10,000.00 a month for sales promotion, and a widow of Hardinsburg, Indiana, may lose her farm because she made moonshine; Ernest Cherrington, LL.D., Litt.D., Director of the Department of Education of the Anti-Saloon League, describes our victory in the Olympic Games as a triumph for Prohibition, and Customs men seize thirty bottles of liquor from returning Olympic stars; a man fined \$25.00 for operating a night club gets the fine cut to \$5.00 when he pleads it was only a speakeasy, and Myron T. Herrick, U. S. Ambassador to France, has his pockets searched for booze as he returns from Europe; Bruce Barton says there can be no doubt of the economic benefits of Prohibition, and bootleggers deposit ten million dollars in Philadelphia banks; Senator Borah hails Hoover as the driest of the drys, and the Republican leaders plan to make no mention of the Volstead law in their New York campaign. W. W. Scott.

TIME OUT

"DID Joe finish that divan he's supposed to upholster?"

"No, he's lying down on the job."



saw." "Oh-but his eyes!...."



SPORTSMEN and SPORTS

World's Series Heroes

A good many people who "high-hat" the ball games of the regular season frequently turn up at a world's series, and in the best seats, too. This leads to con-

STI STILL ST

fusion. These spectators never know which is the home team; they can't tell a stolen base from a loud foul; they ask whether Judge Landis is going to hit a home run or not, and if not, they think they should get their money back;

they have even been discovered applaud-

ing the umpires.

The first thing to do is to get the teams straight. This, apparently, is not always so easy. Two years ago when the Cardinals and Yankees were fighting each other, a flapper going home in the Subway said to her friend:

"Oh, we were so excited in our office

today. The world's series, you know. Nobody did a stroke of work. We just watched the ticker."

"Yeah? Who won?" queried Flapper No. 2.

"Oh, lemme see. I think it was Buffalo!"

Then there was the chap who went to the last world's series between the Yankees and Giants and rooted for Brooklyn through the whole series. A simple rule, good for all time, is to root for the team in the white uniforms. They are the home guards, the defenders of the faith. The others, in the gray uniforms, for the time being at least are miscreants and scoundrels.

There should also be a warning to the players in the world's series. They should know what is at stake and what risks they have to run. Casey Stengel won a world's series for the Giants by knocking two home runs at critical moments. As a reward for these gallant efforts he was traded to the Boston Braves that same winter. It was Casey himself who said:

"Let this be a warning to all players.

If I had knocked one more home run, they would have sent me to the Sally League."

There is also the sad fate of "Lucky Johnny" Rawlings to ponder. With his amazing stops around second base, Rawlings choked off the Yankees on behalf of the Giants in the world's series of 1921, and the following season he reaped his reward in the shape of a railroad ticket to an unimportant junction.

Then there was "Big Bill" James, pitcher for the Boston Braves when the astonishing Beaneaters overwhelmed the famous Athletics of 1914. Among those who never recovered from the shock was "Big Bill" James. He was never any good after one glorious week as a hero. Hank Gowdy was the Boston batting hero in that same series. He won the title with his big black bat. He lost the 1924 series

for the Giants by wearing his mask on his foot while trying to catch a foul fly for what would have been the final out. Hank's unique footgear tripped him up and the Senators ralied to win the championship. Thus Hank broke even in

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his world's series ventures. He won one and lost one.

After helping Cincinnati to a world's championship, Jimmy Ring was traded to the Phillies, which was cruel and unusual punishment. Rogers Hornsby gave St. Louis its first pennant and first world's championship in forty years and just for that he was fired as manager and traded to New York. Manager Bill McKechnie brought Pittsburgh its first world's championship in sixteen years and one year later he was cast into exterior darkness.

On the other hand, Roger Peckinpaugh fumbled the Yankees out of one world's championship and the Senators out of another, but he never lacked for a job as a player and now he is going along swimmingly as manager of the Cleveland Indians.

All of which, as usual, proves nothing.

John Kieran.

EXCESS BAGGAGE

SULTAN (to Chief Eunuch): Hassan, the harem is overstocked. You will immediately deposit two of my wives in the Bosphorus.

HASSAN (calling to back room): Two in a bag to go out!



"Look, Mom, may I throw him some peanuts?"

Presidential Year

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A Constant Radio Listener's Panorama

....My part in today's ceremonies is necessarily and appropriately brief but I cannot let this opportunity pass to we are assembled I am proud at this time....to my mind....he likes applecake I never cared for apple-cake in my opinion and in the opinion of countless....Rosette Rosette....a man whoas boy and man....a man who.... acts executive legislative and judicial... highest gift of the people....question of fundamental importance...she didn't say yes and she didn't say no...of by and for the people....constructive not destructive . . . through the black of night ... my earnest belief and conviction we have passed through a period of unexampled vision and foresight have earned the approval of ... for Ohio cloudy and warmer in northwest portionprinciples of American democracyand this is Maclyn Tolley speaking .let me quote that declaration of . . . when this gong strikes it will be exactly .. the rights of the people we extend a friendly hand....production and distribution....fiscal year ending.... these are not my figures but the figures of....farmer at his plow and the small business man on Main Street....C-O-N- bone of the nation....rank and file.... in the people....get out and get under color or creed....our solemn pledge...



"Maybe you'd like to ride in something of a novelty, ladies."

S.T.A.N.-T.-I.N.-O-P-L.-E.... I have faith classes and masses.... irrespective of race the moon....marts of trade....back- equality of opportunity....the sanctity of

... sum total of human happiness.... St. Louis woman with a diamond ringbackbone of the nation....was never truer than it is today Gounod's G-O-U-N-O-D Gounod's "Funeral March of the Marionettes"....if Thomas Jefferson were here today....this day and agewe face a period of the Buob-Ingelman Company, makers of Sweetsleep Mattresses, having courteously consented to stand by...

Tupper Greenwald.

Companionate

SHE

WHEN we are married, let us plan To see each other all we can. I'll meet you every now and then When I'm not out with other men.

HE

And me, I'll give you lots of things: Roadsters, orchids, champagne, rings, And now and then, a warm caress, If you'll just tell me your address. George Mitchell.

A LOWER PLANE

FIRST POLITICIAN: I'm going to tell the truth about you in my next speech. SECOND POLITICIAN: I thought you

promised not to do any mud-slinging!

"What's he selling ear muffs in September for?" "There's a talking movie up the street."



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

September A fire this morning in my bedroom, before which I did sit and balance my accounts with the happy result of finding that the bank does give me forty-seven dollars more than I had figured myself to possess. "So now," quoth Samuel, "I suppose that you will feel justified in stepping out to spend ninety-four." To Jordanville by motor to lunch with the T. D. Robinsons on melon, chicken curry, chut-

ney, vegetables and apple fritters, all very fine, and Mr. R. told me how he did often fly from Washington in four hours in his amphibian named No Spirits. Afterwards to call on Mistress Douglas Robinson at Henderson House, and never again do I expect to see under one roof so much beautiful and legendary furniture, much of it antedating the ancestral patentee and making the Duncan Physe pieces look positively modern, to say nought of causing the Tenth Commandment to fly to bits within my soul. Home betimes, so to Fernleigh to see how the charity fête was coming on, and across the Susquehanna lay a lovely Venetian village, sprung up almost overnight, the very sight of which did start my feet to aching almost as much as when I was in Italy, so I did sit myself in the tea garden, un-

fortunately, for when Mary Babcock bore down on me with "Baird, you're a good sport!" I did fear the worst, having learned from sad experience that when an appeal is made to my worldliness or the excellence of my sportsmanship, I am slated to get the short end of whatever project is in the wind, nor was I wrong, neither, for old Mrs. Willcox did desire me as a bridge partner, and she is the kind of player who says, "Lots of people would bid hearts on this hand, but I'm going to pass." Did play a few rubbers with her, however, feeling like a girl scout doing her daily deed of kindness. Then back to the house, reading in Compton Mackenzie's gay book, "Extraor-dinary Women," and at dinner I did sit next a man from the South who told me how his colored cook had asked him what companionate marriage was, and when he did tell her, she quoth, "You white folks is gettin' more like us niggers every day." And Granger Gaither, on my other side, did confide how he often went to functions from which he had liefer stay away simply so that he should not have to listen afterwards to what happened. Music later, with much general singing of old songs, and Jim Hyslop did give us a ballad about a lover who, learning from the doctor that his ailing sweetheart would die just about when the leaves on a tree outside her window began to fall, had equipped himself with some twine and a ladder and made the foliage fast to the branches, whereupon Sam quoth that if she did happen to pass away according to the chirurgeon's schedule, it would certainly be one on her beau. To this house and that throughout the evening, finally winding up at the country club dance, a function from which I have assiduously stayed away for many years, but Lord! I did have such a good time that it was four A. M. before they could persuade me even to think of going home. And later still, Simmy Bates, setting out alone in his canoe, did paddle and paddle till he thought himself well in the middle of the lake, when all the time he was but a few feet from shore, having failed to slip the chain which moored his craft. Baird Leonard.

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How to STENCE A BARBER

VARIATION

"Where ya goin', Bill?"

"I'm a-goin' to town to secure evidence against speakeasies and gosh! how I dread it."

Many a politician who has always been wedded to his party claims this year that it was only a companionate marriage.

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

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LET there be light. The light of sexual love, shameless and candor-white and beautifully free.

_Dr. Samuel D. Schmalhausen.

You young men who are smoking will never be successful in business. The very fact that you are smoking cigarettes is a clear indication that you are lazy.

—Roger W. Babson.

Zeehere green eggbrooms. What named blautoothdmand is you who stares? Gugurtha! Gugurtha! He has becco of wild hindigan. Ho, he hath hornhide! -James Joyce.

The Government can padlock a home just as easily as it can a soft drink parlor or hotel.-Andrew Volstead.

All great cynics are bachelors, without experience of love.-Robert Quillen.

There is a true story in everyone's life. -Bernarr Macjadden.

As a matter of fact, a woman's passion for writing love letters can only be compared with a drunkard's thirst for drink. -Dorothy Dix.

The wind blows when it does blow. -Sherwood Anderson.



Porter: We'se pullin' into Junction City now, suh, an' if you needs anything during yo' visit, suh, jes' phone mah brother, Main 2682, an' he'll fix you up wid de best stuff in dis man's town.

all your eggs in one biscuit.



"Honestly, my dear, it was just a casual remark of mine that gave Rex the plot for his new thriller."

Advice to young brides: Don't put The Mild Business Executive Returns from a Prizefight

SHAKES hands with business associate in office lobby and then hands him quick left jab to the eye.

Dances lightly into elevator. Clips the boy with a left hook to the chin and is surprised when boy catches him with a stiff counter to the kidneys, but laughs it

Trips getting out of elevator and lands on chin. Stays on floor, while clock tolls nine, then jumps to his feet and through office door.

Misses long right hook at office boy and . falls into clinch with stenographer. Latter pushes him out of clinch into waste

Dances through door to private office and drops back in chair, head leaning far back and arms hanging by sides.

Pulls belt away and breathes hard, munching orange.

Bernard Teran.

MILITANT

"Is your friend Tompkins a Republican?"

"Yeh, strong as they come. Fact is, he told me yesterday that that Buick he bought last spring gives him only twelve miles per gallon.



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE" September 28, 1928 NUMBER 2395 VOLUME 92

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY 598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, Editor LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary-Treasurer



HALF a million boys and girls are back in college, and five or ten thousand college pro-

fessors are meditating the opening paragraphs of magazine articles about what is wrong with American college education. The young people do not seem to think there is anything wrong with it; they are flocking to it in unexampled and incredible number. But the colleges to which they flock seem less certain than ever before just what it is they have to offer, and whether they ought to offer it. The great universities get around the difficulty by offering everything; if Harvard and Columbia have not, at the moment, Professors of Shingle Bobbing and Facial Massage, they soon will. Yet there is continual discussion by college teachers, and sometimes even by college executives, as to whether the colleges are really doing their job; and a dozen colleges large and small are experimenting with new curricula, new organization, new methods of all sorts, in the hope of establishing a somewhat closer connection between the higher education and the improvement of the mind.

In somewhat unkindly comment on these high-hearted reforms, Professor Munro of Harvard lately wrote in Harper's that the essence of a good college lay not in method or curriculum, but might get better teachers, and possibly

none on the personnel have gone by. As for the students, the more popular colleges have for years been taking only the best of applicants, or at any rate the ones who seem likely to turn out best. What becomes of the others? Well, apparently there is always some college that will let THE TABULAR estimates of the probable them in.

Our colleges, as a matter of fact, are pretty much in the position where the public schools of the large cities found themselves a few decades ago, when the influx of immigrants made it necessary for the early grades to devote themselves largely to teaching the children the American language. Until the war, the bulk of American college students were people who not only wanted an education but were more or less capable of assimilating it. Now the candidates are four times as numerous and apparently not all of them are able to make the very gentle grade that leads to the bachelor's degree. Every college has to decide whether it will concentrate on the really competent students, or do the best it can for the mass. In a democratic nation it is not surprising that the mass generally gets the decision.



THE LOGICAL solution, of course, would be the division of our colleges and universities into two groups—those that among the poor and its leaders came from in its possession of competent teachers really tried to educate, and those that and capable students. But in all fairness gave their students the joys of football it must be said that this is precisely what and extracurricular activities, with a little most colleges are trying to get. They carefully diluted instruction thrown in. But if football and extracurricular activbetter research men, too, if the Ph.D. ities were abolished in the educative done and that private enterprise is unable degree were abolished by constitutional colleges they would miss a good many or unwilling to undertake, as for instance amendment; but the old days when all educable students—in some cases the best the most expensive of Smith's under-the money was spent on the plant and students, those who are strong enough to takings, the state bond issue to help pay

acquire an education in spite of athletics. And if the educative colleges kept what Woodrow Wilson called the side shows everybody would try to get into them and the others would have to take the overflow. A good many colleges today are willing to take the overflow, but none of them like to confess that that is what they are doing.

Yet college has a good deal to offer, and not merely for students who are capable of intensive mental training. Most of the present difficulties of our higher education come from the fact that the educable students are mixed up with the rest. Out of the numerous efforts that are being made to separate the sheep from the goats, and give both species the proper diet, some workable arrangement should come before very long.



electoral vote that leaders of both parties have been offering lately remind one of the baseball fan who approached Mr. Richards Vidmer of the New York Times, just after that famous doubleheader between the Yankees and the Athletics. "How large would you estimate the crowd?" asked the fan eagerly.
"Why," said Mr. Vidmer, "the official figures are eighty-five thousand six hun-"Never mind the official dred and-" figures," the fan interrupted. "Give me an estimate.'

Some of the Republican campaign speakers are beginning to criticize the cost of Smith's administration of New York State; and while the first who ventured into that field made some mistakes that exposed him to an easy rebuttal, the argument on the whole is valid. Smith's administration has been remarkably abie, honest, and beneficial, but it has been expensive; and it is fair to say that an expensive government is to be expected of a Tammany man, even in this modern day when Tammany is considerably above the average of political machines in honesty as well as in efficiency.

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Tammany's strength has always lain the ranks. A good many leaders of today inherited money, but the tradition still holds; a Tammany man may reasonably expect the state—that is, the rich taxpayers-to do things that ought to be



"Belgium was nothing like this!"

for the elimination of grade crossings. However, the money Smith has spent all had to be appropriated by a Republican legislature, or voted by the people in a referendum, which ought to be a tolerably good guaranty that he would not waste the nation's treasures. Hoover, for that matter, presented in his acceptance speech a formidable list of public improvements that ought to be made, a billion dollars' worth of them. If Hoover is elected he can afford to make them, as candidate of the party of opulence and prosperity; if Smith made them the Republicans would denounce him as a Socialist spendthrift. There is, however, one urgently needed public improvement that Hoover did not mention, perhaps because it would not bring returns in prosperity, perhaps because there are very few votes made; it is nothing less than a disgrace laware of Philadelphia. Elmer Davis.

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that it has been neglected so long. That is the provision for soldiers of the United States Army of barracks that will keep out the wind and rain. They would have been provided long ago, no doubt, but for the fact that comparatively few soldiers are able to vote.



THE RECENT announcement of an eminent geographer that New York City was in no immediate danger of sinking into the sea doubtless caused considerable regret in the inland portions of the United States; but think it over, friends, and you will see that it is all for the best. If New York in it. Smith did mention it, and under vanished from sight, Mabel Walker Wilwhatever administration, it ought to be lebrandt might be compelled to become

—Life Lines—

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT BOGAN of Chicago has refused to issue an edict forbidding school girls to appear stockingless, saying it is none of his business. This is the first we have heard lately of anything that isn't any of anybody's business.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COM-MITTEE is functioning as usual, but a number of people seem to think Mr. Hoover will be elected anyway.

L

A FRIEND of ours is trying for the Durant prize of \$25,000 for the best plan to enforce Prohibition. "Think," says he, optimistically, "of all the liquor I could get with \$25,000!"

LAYING down the law to some motorists is merely an incentive for them to step on it.

Just to not be sordid that

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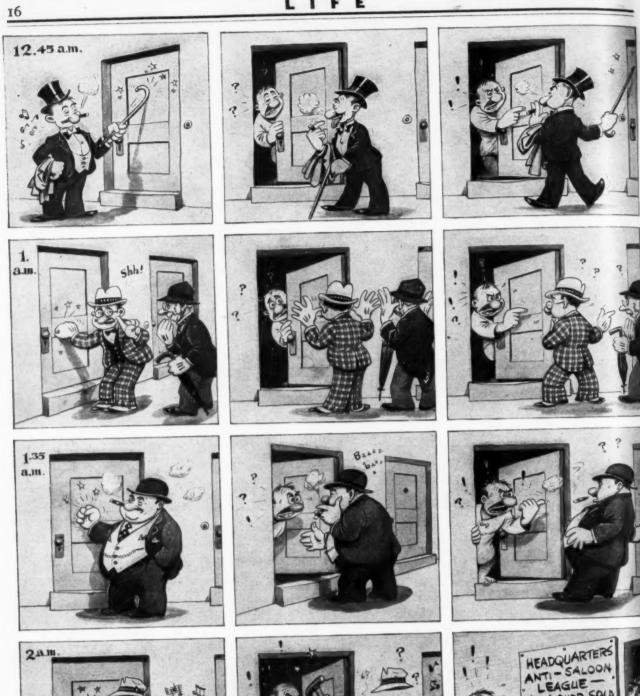
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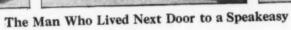
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THE THEATRE



High Lights

lust to show that our aesthetic sense has not been dulled by all these years of sordid living, we are happy to announce that two of the biggest kicks we got during the past week were from lighting effects. One was at the final curtain of "Machinal," which comes on an empty gage gradually brought from darkness into refulgent dawn (it would have been Mr. Arthur Hopkins who first found the drama of an empty stage), and the other was in the musical comedy, "Good Boy," when a brilliant white light was thrown on a ballet maneuvering on moving floor panels. We hope that you won't think that we have gone pansy in our excitement over these things.

We were pretty well prepared to be moved at the final curtain of "Machinal," for the whole drama had been stirring in is simple and episodic forward march. Miss Treadwell has not exactly improved on her models in this modernistic monotone and her characters are, by now, fairly recognizable as having played their sad rôles before in several tragedies of modern wives with dull husbands. But she has eliminated most of the trying features of the earlier expressionism and her play is a good, bed-rock combination of the best features of them all. It also has a dash of realism in the presence of circumstances highly prized last year by the newspapers during the Snyder-Gray trial, although the characters are in no way related to those unfortunate people. Oddly enough, it is only in the trial scene that the play sags. We have been seeing stage-trials now for quite a time and some of them much better than this.

The work of Miss Zita Johann seemed to us to add immeasurably to the effectiveness of the play and her scene in the bedroom of her lover (also well played by Clark Gable) was as delicate and lovely an idyl of illicit love as we remember seeing for a long, long time.



Aside from the novel scenic effects of "Good Boy" (which ought to prove revolutionary in eliminating those between-scene waits while the orchestra plays "delay music" six or eight times The actress fiancée of the young aristocrat,

over), Mr. Hammerstein has given us a set down in the midst of his hostile clan. good show, with at least one very worthy rang so many familiar bells in our mind song-hit (sung by Helen Kane), together with that pleasing country boy who is constantly coming to the city, Eddie Buzzell, and countless harmonicas under the baton of Borrah Minevitch.

It seems too bad that Charles Butterworth may have to go through the customary slow years of playing small parts before he is given something that a fine comedian should do. He is ready for it now. And, if he doesn't want to be a comedian, he could tear your heart out with sadness. Anything, so long as he is on the stage more.



THERE aren't very nice people mixed up in "Heavy Traffic," but probably the author, Mr. Richman, didn't mean them to be nice. And some of them he made very amusing. There is, of necessity, quite a bit of epigram-hurling, as is customary when marriage is the subject under discussion, but it is not in the epigrams that Mr. Richman makes his points. It is in the short, crisp elementary remarks which Miss Boland occasionally makes with such gusto and high effect. At such times there is nothing left to do but laugh, whether you want to or not.

The atmosphere of refined lechery in "Heavy Traffic" is made much more delicate by the presence of such polished actors as Reginald Mason and A. E. Matthews, although we have seen Mr. Matthews in better form. Mr. Matthews in any form at all, however, is a valuable asset to a play, and "Heavy Traffic," un-der less suave handling, might not be quite so pleasant. Even Miss Boland is at times so convincingly explicit as to be just a bit embarrassing. Nevertheless, we would recommend "Heavy Traffic" without reservation for those desiring to utter several short, sophisticated laughs during the course of an evening.

WE MUST admit a slight disappointment during the first half of "The High Road," because it seemed to us that we were seeing over again at least ten plays out of "Trelawney" by "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

that we felt that, if it later turned out that under her infectious charm they all became quite different people, we should get right up on the stage with them and act out the rest of the play as we knew it.



Bur almost exactly at the middle of the second act Mr. Lonsdale takes his play out of the trunk with all the rest and raises it high in the air. At this point also it ceases to be a comedy. Following a love scene between Miss Edna Best and Mr. Herbert Marshall which was so quietly tense as to make one feel that one was actually one of the participants (and not an ungrateful position that would be, either), "The High Road" is just as different from the average play as it was similar up to that point. Perhaps the first act was just a trap.

Of course the presence of Miss Best and Mr. Marshall complicates any valuation of the play's merits, because they do everything so very well. Some sort of movement ought to be started to keep them in this country permanently. And if Mr. Frederick Kerr could be induced to stay too, and always be just as he is in "The High Road" (or, at his own dis-cretion, anything else he might want to be), we might take up going to the theatre again.



THERE was quite a lot of delay in getting "Trapped" into town, and now that it is here it can turn right around and go again so far as we are concerned. "Trapped" is a melodrama right out of the files, and if we were to begin telling you the things about it we didn't like we could keep you sitting here all night. That is, we could keep telling all night, but you would probably have tiptoed out long before we had finished.

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.

THE RADIO



Blackface

PICTURE me writing this with a breaking heart. Make it a talking picture, if you like, and listen to the sound of sobbing. For I would rather be boiled in oil than break the sad news that Moran and Mack, broadcasting on Sunday evening over the Columbia System, are not so hot. In fact, to me, they are both cold and wet. Hard words, indeed, but facts are facts.

All heroes, actors and public figures of any sort who make a sudden and unique success should be mercifully done away with as soon as that first edge begins to wear away. Only bores like Elsie Dinsmore can go on forever. The Two Black Crows go before a radio public who hope to capture the first fine fervor of their early records. It can't be done.

Moreover, the comics are barred from repeating any of their best lines. Anyone breaking into a conversation with "What's your idea in bringing that up?" is instantly thrown out of the window. The Black Crows are paying the penalty of their own popularity. They would no more dare tell why white horses eat more than black horses than Ethel Barrymore would dare appear in a play containing the line, "That's all there is. There isn't any more."

The idea at the back of the radio sketches of the Two Black Crows is a swell one, but the way it works out sounds as if a dozen Hollywood super- Once again, I apologize for letting you

visors and two dozen gag-men had been putting their best brains to it. Moran and Mack are a couple of colored brethren who get mixed up in the World War. So far the doings have been confined to a small Southern town. Unfortunately, instead of remaining strictly Octavus Roy Cohen, they have permitted someone to inject a lot of the most objectionable so-called white characters that ever annoyed an audience.

THE RADIO is making a mistake which the movies have only just begun to outgrow. All sketches are supposed to have a love interest. The love interest of the Two Black Crows is furnished by the rivalry of Lieut. Davis and Steve Reinhardt, a German-American, for a halfwitted girl called Mary Jane. Just to show how broadminded we are and how far we have progressed towards international peace and good will, the lieutenant is the villain and the hyphenate is the hero. You have to listen to this trio of mistakes court and scrap in old stock company fashion, while you are waiting for Moran and Mack.

And there are times when the waiting isn't worth while. One of those times, on a recent program, was when Mack, the head Black Crow, got involved in a tongue-twister about Esau saw the saw. Anyone over ten years old who can get a laugh out of one of those "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" is hereby advised to join a school for retarded children.

By way of being constructive and helpful, I suggest that the Black Crows go in for a minstrel show. Nobody expects new jokes in a minstrel show; in fact, if anyone ever heard one, he would have to be carried out and treated for shock.



RETIRED FLAGPOLE SITTER TRAINS HIS YOUNG SON FOR THE BUSINESS

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down and if you really do enjoy the new sketches of the Two Black Crows, and aren't just carried away by sentiment and dreams of old times, you are entitled to call me names. But before you get nasty, I urge you to recall those terrible five minutes about Esau who saw the Agnes Smith. bucksaw.

GARDENIA

waxen strange-breathed So like the flower,

Raped from Utopian hedges, You let me wear you for an hour, Then yellowed at the edges; And, now our brief career of love Is very much past-tensive,

Gardenia-like, the chief charm of You, dear, is—you're expensive! John McColl.

"What do you do when your deferred payments come due?' "Me? I defer paying them."



"Say, boy, bring along a few more sheep-I want to count myself to sleep."



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

CHICAGO

ERNIE BYFIELD, the well-known wit and hotel baron, who last spring said New York wasn't sappy enough to accept Paul Ash, now says: "I was wrong."

© Old Amos Stagg, who has been training the football team for some time, has got himself a new hymn-book and expects to confound the local grouches by winning a few games this season.

***"Doc" Hall is still threatening to go to Italy and loaf indefinitely. Our idea of the ideal drama critic is a fellow like the "Doc," whose boss dies and leaves him a fourth interest in a million-dollar newspaper, which is sold, leaving the "Doc" nothing to do but threaten to go to Italy and loaf indefinitely.

***And our idea of the ideal American abroad is Atty. Murry Nelson, who, Lady Beatrice Lillic Peel writes us, her ladyship was so glad to run into at Cannes, France, that she kissed him full in the face.

***Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin has written and had accepted the article on modern dancing for the new annex to the Encyclopædia Britannica, which is no Life joke lugged in to kill space, but a first-hand, first-class Neighbor-HOOD News SCOOP.

Ashton Stevens.

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They have closed up Fort Warren, which has been a fortification for more than 100 years, and sent the soldiers away. We suppose this is a result of the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact.

***There was an explosion in the *Transcript* editorial rooms last week. Somebody spelled Cabot with a "K."

The Harvard Athletic Association is out with a neat line of blue envelopes soliciting subscriptions to the Yale-Harvard football game this fall. The H. A. A. does a fine mail order business, without resorting to newspaper or magazine ads.

***A famous publishing company has invited your corr. to be listed in "Who's Who in New York." We suspect the Boston Chamber of Commerce is at the bottom of this.

***A nine-year-old East Boston girl can tead seven different languages, including the American Mercury.

***Burton Holmes is coming on a visit to Boston shortly and we suppose we'll have to hear all about his trip abroad this summer.

***The Braintree Board of Trade has got out statistics showing Braintree hasn't had a President of the U. S. since John Quincy Adams.

***Hon. John F. Fitzgerald has taken the

stump for Smith. John F. is singing "Swede Add-a-Lime" to get the Scandinavian and gin rickey vote.

***Only 88 days left to mail your Xmas greeting cards.

Neal O'Hara.

LOS ANGELES

NEIGHBORS around Florence Vidor's house have been sitting up nights hoping to hear some of the new tunes since she brought Jascha Heifetz home as her husband. The young man sure can punish a fiddle, they say.

***This is National Grape Week—no kidding.

Miss Texas Guinan is in town, she not worrying about the Gotham night club situation. "If things come to the worst," says funloving Texas, "I think I can always get a job as bridesmaid for Peggy Joyce."

***Some of E. L. Doheny's former stockholders have went and sued him for \$10,000,000 in claims growing out of that Elk Hills thing. Just when we thought those matters had all been cleared up ship shape long ahead of election time.

***Joe Schenck says these "talking motion pictures" which the actors in them talk instead of act are just what you might call a passing fad, while the Warner boys say no they aren't, they have a great future to them.

***Baron Rothschild of London, Eng., slipped into town quiet-like the other day. No-body knew he was around till one of our bright young business statisticians noticed that the curve showing the per capita wealth of the city had jumped way up overnight.

William J. Pringle, Jr.

BIRMINGHAM

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, JR., beat his father, O. R. Cohen, Sr., the writer for Sat. Evening Post, in a golf match the other day.

Your corr. is to celebrate another birthday in a few days. Installment plan collectors are asked to call the day before as he won't be home the day after.

***Sen. J. Tom Heflin, of Washington was in Montgomery the other day. He dropped in to have a few words with Gov. Graves. It is not known if Gov. Graves had a chance to talk or not.

***Happy Chatziltst, the town loafer, says he's never been late anywhere, 'cause he's never had anywhere to go.

Robert H. Brown.

SPOKANE

THE PONTOON CLUB is this city's newest fraternal organization. It is an anti-bridge coterie and all the members so far are husbands. Jack Reinhardt has just been admitted to membership.

Harper Joy, the efficient investment banker and medicine show impresario, is traveling in the East and sends your corr. a postcard from Gotham. "I don't see how the people here keep it up night after night," the missive says, in part.

***Bob Owen, popular aviator and vocalist, was a candidate for precinct committeeman in the September primaries, but has not been able to find out whether he was elected.

***The talking movies are quite popular here, although some say it is only a trick, like Sawing a Woman in Two.

***The Dartmouth alumni hereabouts are not betting as heavily on football as they were a year ago, and the Yale alumni are a little cagy, too.

***Phil Garnett not only sold one of the new Fords last week, but delivered it. Stoddard King.

KANSAS CITY

SOME of the young blades have been stepping out with the new schoolma'ams, of which there are several this year.

the limelight. We have a lady living here who is a second cousin of A. E. (Al) Smith of New York, N. Y. Her name is Mrs. Catherine Marsh Smith, 7600 Oak Street, here.

***Terrapin races are the thing at this writing, and then we suppose the hog calling contests will come next, as we heard several in training while on a recent drive over our bailiwick.

***Sen. Art Capper of Topeka, neighbor and colleague of Charley Curtis, was an inoffensive caller at ye ed's sanctum one day recently.

***Labor Day passed quietly in our town, with no excitement except the usual number of auto mishaps, umpire riots, etc. Labor Day doesn't seem to be the thrill it was in the old days, when the bartenders were such an imposing feature of the parade.

Lawyer Jim Reed had a long-distance telephone conversation the other day with Jno. Raskob who was visiting in St. Louis, relative to his (Lawyer Jim's) taking the stump for the Dem. ticket in this state. Jim is always ready and willing to help out. He gave the capitalists of the G. O. P. a good going over in a speech here on Labor Day, removing his coat to deliver same.

Clad H. Thompson.

QUEBEC

A COUPLE of N. Y. financiers flying to here rec'tly landed on the local golf course and remarked to the crowd how they were looking for the office of Guy Wightman our w.k. broker of mining shares. Right away Guy stepped from the crowd and said, "Well, well, George, how goes it!" And yet there are those who will tell you that this isn't a small world, after all.

The Tafts, Tiffanys and various prominent furriners are hanging up the shutters on their shacks and Murray Bay is all set to act as Base Headquarters for the next ocean flight to Greenly Island, God forbid.

***A nice assortment of Gordon Gin, Johnny Walker, Dewar's Special Liqueur and other whiskey made by the Haig boys can be had from the Liquor Commission at reasonable prices. Beware of Imitations.—Advt.

***(Hon.) L. A. Taschereau, who does most of the prime ministering hereabouts, is beginning to exercise his vocal glands ready for the next session of the Ought to Be a Law Club, otherwise our Provincial Legislature.

***Gordon Wiggs's mother was up to Soo Sainte Marie rec'tly to witness her son's nuptials with the little Thompson girl of that town.

****Colonel Cort Fages and wife are back in town for the winter. Leslie Roberts.

DETROIT

BILLY SUNDAY was transacting business at one of our leading churches recently.

At a luncheon given for Norman B. Conger, with the weather bureau for 50 years, Norman was presented with a traveling bag

and an umbrella, but he wasn't going anywhere and it didn't rain. No one can predict right all the time, eh, Norman?

The rolling pin contest at the State Fair established a new record. A girl threw a pin 100 feet and broke nine out of a possible ten of her own pie crusts at that distance, Hap Church says.

***While Henry Ford was sojourning lately, in Massachusetts, an automobile tried to run him down but couldn't cut the mustard. "There's getting to be altogether too many of these durn contraptions on the road," Henry is alleged to have said, according to reports.

***What with these charges of attempted bribery and so on, it looks like we have a right good chance of making Detroit the airport scandal center of America.

***Young people will have no reason for getting married before next spring now, Gus Schantz thinks. Gus's "honeymoon" boat line which people all get married so they can go to Niagara Falls on it, is closing up for the season.

***Buying school shoes is the order of the day. Elmer C. Adams.

SEATTLE

THE RECENT primary election resulted in quite a bit of plain and fancy peanut rolling and wheelbarrow pushing along Main Street, our young bloods being great gamblers.

Nick Oeconomacos, our pop. clarinet player, is doing light road work these fine mornings in preparation for the coming symphony season. Don't overtrain, Nichols.

***Wy Hemphill harvested the apple crop in his back yard one recent evening. He says it was good, clear through to the core.

***Vic Elfendahl is collecting money for the Community Fund again. If Vic makes good,

some subscribers who are a little backward in their payments may expect to see him added to this staff, as we are looking for a hustler.

***H. Perkins bought the ed. a mighty fine dinner one evening recently. Things like that make no difference so far as getting your name mentioned in this department goes but even so ye scribe appreciates a good feed as well as the next man, whoever he may be.

Some say Jim Stevens is working on another story for the magazines. Where Imgets all those notions, blessed if we know.

***Remember, every copy of N. N. comes wrapped in a free edition of Life which offers the reader a balanced ration of the sub-lime and the ridiculous at one cost only.

Hal Burdick.

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CINCINNATI

JACK FROST reigned supreme the other night, he holding full sway.

Dedication Mon., Tue., and Wed. with a brass band, music, and an Evolution of Transportation Pageant showing progress of same, so come one come all, but leave your car at home to avoid congestion.

***The phone booths around the City Hall courtrooms have been removed. Most of our attys-at-law were prepared, they lining up new offices some time ago.

***The repairs to Reading Rd. are finished. Faster deliveries will now be made by trucks bringing milk, soap, and engineer's want every night from Detroit and Windsor (Can.).

The Times-Star's editorial writers, of which Charlie Taft is prop., have been mincing no words lately, they having convinced a lot of staunch G. O. P.'s hereabouts Hoover is a better man than Smith.

***Sol Stephan, our genial Zoo custodian, is in the market for some good snakes. Must be over 3 ft. long, Sol says, and we say the same. Snakes worthy of our town, is our motto.

Tupper Greenwald.

INDIANA

THE INDIANAPOLIS acquaintances of O. O. McIntyre, of New York, who writes "New York Day by Day," are rejoiced to learn that he is driving his first automobile. At present Mr. McIntyre is visiting an aunt in California, and hopes to arrange his return to Gotham so as to pass through Indianapolis in the day time.

Councilman Meredith Nicholson, the author, of Golden Hill, voted for our daylight saving ordinance, and a number of moving picture theater managers, milk men, and other enemies of the ordinance, thought it would be cute to call him at three A.M., just to get him out of bed. But "Nick's" daughter, who answered the first call, was equal to the occasion, and told the fiend in human form, when he asked for her father, "that he'd just gone to work."

***Indianapolis will have a bumper crop of apple butter if the great pyramids of fite gallon crocks displayed by our merchants mean anything.

***Angola, Indiana, a division point on the Detroit-Chicago eighteen-hour uncut liquor



"A very wealthy woman writes in for a scullion maid. Do any of you ladies want the job?"



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GOLFING DENTIST (to the hole): Open a little wider, please.

run, is the seat of quite a sensational mystery. The crisp torso of a popular rum runner was found in the ruins of a burned barn, and fear s entertained for whoever is responsible for his mtimely taking off.

***Ouite a number of our housewives having dry sleuths tracking up their

Mr. and Mrs. Art Lark have returned from their honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls. Mrs. Lark says the falls look just like the colored postcard pictures of the same, but that marriage is greatly overrated.

Kin Hubbard (Abe Martin).

THE PRESIDENT of General Motors has come out for Hoover and Prohibition. for every purpose.

Another Mother Goose

Sing a song of hiccoughs, A pocket full of rye; Four and twenty hip-flasks Carried on the thigh. When the flasks were opened The guests began to roar; Now wasn't that a pretty mess To set before the governess, The footman at the door, The butler, The waiter. The kitchen-maid and cook, The pantry, The ice box, The cozy breakfast nook, The Turkish rugs, The pewter mugs, The boats with wooden sails, The Duncan Phyfes That were your wife's, The lordly Chippendales, The wheeling halls, The waving walls, The neighbors at the door, The sliding chairs, the twisted stairs,

The darkness, The silence, The nurse beside the bed, The muddled brain, The throbbing pain, The ice-bag on the head: Now wasn't that a pretty mess?-Well, that's what Mother said.

The undulating floor-

FIRST RAILROAD MAGNATE: Business has been bad lately.

V. L. Owens.

SECOND DITTO: Well, things should That corporation seems to have an official pick up right along now. Notre Dame starts its football season soon.



THE SECRET IS OUT Eve Shows Adam the Tiny Garments

COMPETITION IS NOT SO KEEN AT THE BALL PARK

WHEN photographed and interviewed, the holder of first place in the line of men waiting for the tickets to go on sale for the first World's Series game gave out the following statement for publication: "I owe my present success to the many years of golf played on public links."

HEADLINER

JUDGE (to prisoner): Have you anything to say before I pronounce sentence upon you?

THE PRISONER: Yes. Please hurry it up. I want this to make the first edition of the morning papers.



BUS DRIVER (fixing flat): Would you people mind coming out here and giving me a lift with this tire?



THE MOVIES

"State Street Sadie"

Although it may reasonably be argued that no really good talking movie has been released to date, there is no question that the rate of improvement in this odd new medium has been phenomenal. Those grim-visaged, determined pioneers, the Warner brothers, have apparently been able to profit by their mistakes before any of us critics have had time to tell them what the mistakes were. They have been rushing new productions through their studio and shooting them out at the defenseless public in an effort to cash in before the competition starts; but, in spite of this haste, they have managed to make each release a little better than its predecessor.

"State Street Sadie" is, in its story, a poor imitation of "Underworld," and it is not a complete talker, as were "Lights of New York" and "The Terror." Nevertheless, it marks another definite advance. The quality of the dialogue, and the manner in which this dialogue is delivered by the actors and recorded by the Vitaphone, indicate that the Warner employees are mastering their new jobs.

William Russell, a he-man star of the old days, proves that his position is secure in the new era. So does that earnest conversationalist, Conrad Nagel.

The most interesting scenes in "State Street Sadie" are those that show a battle between the crooks and the cops, with the Vitaphone recording the roar of the motorcycles, the shrieks of the sirens, the brrrrrup of the machine-guns and other startling noises.

"Submarine"

It seems improbable, to say the least, that the best deep-sea diver in the U. S. Navy would sit at home and sulk, refusing to go to the relief of several gallant men who were gasping for breath in a sunken submarine, merely because one of those men had been seduced by the diver's wife.

If you can accept that situation—and you won't find it so hard to accept as you might expect—you will find "Submarine" an exceptionally stalwart melodrama. It is done with telling realism—so telling, in fact, that it can't fail to afflict with a certain sickish sensation of horror those

spectators who happen to remember the two recent undersea tragedies off the New England coast. The pictures of the trapped men are gruelling in the extreme, and their effect is heightened by the use of news reel views of actual rescue ships on the surface.

Clarence Burton gives a fine performance as a naval Captain Flagg, and Jack

Holt, Ralph Graves and Dorothy Revier are all equal to their various opportunities. The excellence of the sea pictures is attributable, probably, to the fact that "Submarine" was produced "under the personal supervision" (what a sententious phrase!) of Irvin Willat.

Which reminds me that the Great American Movie is still being produced under my own impersonal supervision. I ameven now preparing a big talking sequence, with movietone attachment, wherein two Indians conduct a lengthy conversation in the sign language.

R. E. Sherwood.

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A Confidential Guide to current moving pictures will be found on page 24.



It Was Not LIKE THAT IN THE OLDEN DAYS Baron Munchausen Reads One of Our Truthful Magazines



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And you have no idea, darling, how utterly useless I felt till I got interested in politics."

Mrs. Willebrandt

Since Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt addressed the Methodist Conference in Ohio on the subject of Prohibition and Hoover, efforts have been made to hush her up. Mrs. Willebrandt made a good many unkind remarks in that address. She spoke with marked disrespect of the State of New York and of its Governor. She censured vehemently the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law and Governor Smith as a contributor to that action and indeed an instigator of it. She told her hearers that since Governor Smith had brought the Prohibition issue into politics they now had "a chance to defeat the anti-Prohibition forces so badly that the question of repeal will be laid to rest forever."

A good deal of objection followed. Assemblyman Cuvillier, of New York, telegraphed Attorney-General Sargent to find out if Mrs. Willebrandt had not violated the Federal law prohibiting Federal employees from engaging in political controversy. He thought she had. He also reminded the Attorney General that a Republican legislature repealed the Mullan-Gage law after a state referendum in New York in which the people of that state by a million and a half majority condemned the Eighteenth Amendment.

Fortunately the Attorney General has not seen his way to call Mrs. Willebrandt off. It is hoped that she will continue to speak and speak often, for she is a valuable example of the red-hot Prohibition mind. Omitting usually to discuss whether Prohibition is doing good or beer was permitted, don't you?" harm, she fixes her attention on the fact

that the Eighteenth Amendment is a law of the land. It is evident that, to her, man was made for law and not laws for man.

Mrs. Willebrandt was born in Kansas and grew up and pursued education in Arizona and California, married and taught school in Michigan and California, and was admitted to the bar in Los Angeles in 1915. She is still a young woman, about thirty-nine years old, and evidently she is real smart. She should by no means be hushed up, for there is no better example than she offers of the type of mind and understanding of life that has made the Eighteenth Amendment possible. We owe that amendment primarily to the distillers, brewers and liquor dealers who overdid their job and were too solicitous to increase the market for their wares, but secondarily to that considerable fraction of the population that believes that laws should shape life, whereas the truth is that life must shape laws.

The only question about the Prohibition amendment is how long it will last. Mrs. Willebrandt and her sort do not consider its effects on life in general in these States. Mr. Hoover, however, whose mind is of quite a different type, would have to consider those effects if elected, and probably has already acquainted himself with the results of other methods of rum regulation. Some of them have done good, a great deal of good, in diminishing drinking, and, especially, the consumption of hard liquors. In England that has been accomplished; also in Sweden, and more or less, apparently, in Canada, and other countries. The whole job is still in the experimental stage, and it is the great misfortune of this country to be hindered from necessary experimentation by the Eighteenth Amendment.

E. S. Martin.

The Advertising Layout Man Designs a Calling Card

Now A Real Man THE ONLY ORIGINAL MR. HORACE G. BLIMP LATEST GOSSIP, CURRENT STORIES SMALL TALK MY LINE CANNOT BE EXCELLED

In the college-man field the trend is undoubtedly towards Blimp.

"I wish the sale of light wines and

"Yes, I'm getting fed up on whiskey."

ZONE OF SUGGESTION

Executive: We'll advertise our headache pills in your paper if you'll guarantee us position.

Solicitor: What position do you want? Executive: Put our ads on the same page with the items about Dr. Straton.

A WOMAN'S TABLE OF TIME "I'll be dressed in a few seconds".....30 to 45 minutes.

"I'm going to call on Mrs. Jones for a minute or two"..... 3 to 4 hours My husband is much older than I am." to 6 months.

"It's years since I had anything new to wear."..... 2 days to I week.



STORK: Well, there's one less companionate marriage.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

Diamond Lil, Royale—Mae West in a melodrama of tough old New York which seems to please a lot of people, including Miss West.

Gang War, Morosco-Intramural murdering in the Chicago sector, with now and then several loud

Goin' Home, Hudson—A moving presentation of the problem of the Negro who married a French girl. Some colored A. E. F. whoopee on the side.

The Great Power, Rits-To be reviewed next week. Guns, Wallack's—Just about what you might guess from the title. Another gangster drama.

Jarnegan, Longacre—A dramatization of the novel, starring Richard Bennett. To be reviewed later.

The Ladder, Cort-November first can't come too

Machinal, Plymouth-Reviewed in this issue.

Strange Interlude. John Golden—Proving that people don't have to be entertained in the theatre. Here a rather cold interest holds you through five hours of uneven drama.

Trapped, National-Reviewed in this issue.

The War Song, Sam H. Harris-George Jessel. To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father, Belasco—A nice handling of a delicate situation in which a bachelor's various children come home to Daddy. June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr.

The Big Fight, Majestic—With Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. To be reviewed later.

The Big Pond, Bijon—Diverting comedy with a better idea than execution. Kenneth MacKenna plays a Frenchman who goes Babbitt.

The Command Performance, Klaw-Leith, Charlotte Granville and others. viewed later.

Elmer the Great, Lyceum-From Ring Lardner's aseball stories, with Walter Huston. To be rebaseball stori viewed later.

Eva the Fifth, Little—An "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupe in light but amusing trouble. Claiborne Foster heads the cast.

The Front Page, Times Square—High-pressure comedy-melodrama dealing with profane newspaper-men. You've got to see it anyway; so you might as well try to get in now.

Gentlemen of the Press, Henry Miller's—Real life in a newspaper office, with enough comedy to make up for its essential pathos.

Heavy Traffic, Empire-Reviewed in this issue. He Understood Women, Belmont-Zero.

The High Road, Fulton-Reviewed in this issue

Night Hostess, Martin Beck-To be reviewed next

The Phantom Lover, Forty-Ninth St .- A nice idea smothered in words

Possession, Booth-Opens October 1. To be re-

Relations, Masque—Not much, unless you don't tre what is said so long as it is said in Jewish dialect.

Ringside, Broadhurst-Inside fight-dope, with a good fight at the end.

The Royal Family, Selwyn—For those who didn't see this last year our advice is to go by all means.

Skidding, Bayes-Pretty thin broth.

The Song Writer, Forty-Eighth St.—Georgie Price as the Jewish boy who made good. Sentimental and highly satisfactory to a large section of the community.

This Thing Called Love, Maxine Elliott's-With Violet Heming and others. To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928, Liberty—Containing some of the best dancing in town, with songs to match. The best colored revue since "Shuffle Along."

Chee-Chee, Mansfield—With Helen Ford and George Hassell. To be reviewed later.

A Connecticut Yankee, Vanderbilt—One of last ason's—and this season's—best scores.

Cross My Heart, Knickerbocker-With Lule McConnell, Eddie Conrad and others. To be re-Good Boy, Hammerstein's-Reviewed in this issue

Good Boy, Hammerstein 3—Reviewed in this issue.
Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—You can see this in
London, too—in fact, almost anywhere.
Luckee Girl, Casino—With Harry Puck, Doris
Vinton and others. To be reviewed later.
The New Moon, Imperial—With Evelyn Herbert,
Gus Shy, and others. To be reviewed later.
Rain or Shine, Cohan—Still Joe Cook.

Rosalie, New Amsterdam—Some of the city's best clowning from Jack Donahue, with scenic effects by Marilyn Miller.

Scandals of 1928, Apollo—George White presents Harry Richman. Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington in highly satis-

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—Something you should see once. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Norma Terris and Edna May Oliver.

The Three Musketeers, Lyric-Good all-around mantic operetta, with Dennis King and Lester

Vanities of 1928, Earl Carroll—Pretty raw in spots but very funny in others, thanks to W. C. Fields and Joe Prisco.

White Lilacs, Shubert—With DeWolf Hopper, Odette Myrtil and Guy Robertson. To be reviewed next week.

Robert Benchley.

The Movies

Recent Developments

The Air Circus, Fox—A refreshingly youthful and pleasantly entertaining picture about two high-school boys who decided to emulate Lindbergh, with some excellent talking scenes at the finish.

The Cardboard Lover, Metro-Goldwyn—I may as well break down and confess that I think Marion Davies is just simply awful in this.

The Terror, Warner Bros—An all-talkie which deals with the nefarious activities of a homicidal maniac in and about an old inn. It is very well done.

Four Walls, Metro-Goldwyn-John Gilbert as a pentant crook in a moderately interesting melo-

The Scarlet Lady, Columbia-A palooka,

The Butter and Egg Man, First National—Jack Mulhall in another Jack Mulhall farce.

The Mysterious Lady, Metro-Goldwyn—I haven't ret heard from the cad who wrote me an anonymous etter insulting the divine Greta Garbo.

Lilac Time, First National—Colleen Moore and a eyy of jolly British aviators in a war-time romp.

Forgotten Faces, Paramount—A splendidly acted and dramatically told story of how a crook saved his daughter from her mother.

White Shadows in the South Seas, Metro-Goldwyn
—Convincing views of the Kanaka brown men
staggering under the white man's burden, with fine
work by Monte Blue and Raquel Torres.

Lights of New York, Warner Bros.—The fact that this is a pioneer in a new field absolves it from most of the blame which is its just due.

Wheel of Chance, First National—Richard Bar-lelmess at or close to his best.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Universal—Wars may come, and wars may go, but this goes on forever.

The Patriot, Paramouni; The End of St. Petersburg, Hammersteis; The Racket, Paramouni, and Tempest, United Artists—These are all worthy.

Submarine, Columbia, and State Street Sadie, Warner Bros.—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

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20 hrs. 40 min.—Our Flight in the "Friendship", by Amelia Earhart. Pulnam's—A rather sketchy autobiography turns into interesting narrative. We are pleased to report that Miss Earhart is possessed of well-developed senses of humor and proportion.

Spy and Counter-Spy, by Richard Wilmer Rowa. Viking—The Outline of Secret History. A matter of-fact exposition which is more absorbing than most fiction.

Frobisher, by William McFee. Harper's—This ography of the prominent 16th century seadog ould be on your "must" list.

Long Lance, by Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, osmopolitan—Indian stuff; so good you can hear the war drums and smell wet dog.

The Perfect Ship, by Weston Martyr. Washburn-The biography of a boat which manages to imprison a good deal of salt air and blue water between its covers. Recommended to yachtsmen and farmen covers. alike.

Fascinating Women—Sacred and Profane, by Franz Blei. Simon & Schuster—Excellent essays on a popular subject

Fiction

The Front Page, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Conici-Friede—The newspaperdom play, in book form. Uncensored, its glorious vulgarity is not for the eyes of dear old ladies—male or female.

The Ghost Epigrams of Oscar Wilde, as taken down through automatic writing by Lazar. Covici-Friede— Authorship aside, here are epigrams which would pass for wisecracks in any company.

Hafiz, by Clarence K. Streit. Viking—What Fitzgerald did for Omar Khayyam, Streit does for Hafiz, that other Persian, with equally pleasing results.

The Silk Stocking Murders, by Anthony Berkeley, Doubleday, Doran—Pretty good.

The Swinging Shutter, by C. Fraser-Simson

The Top Kick, by Leonard H. Nason. Doubleday, Doran—War stuff, and very good, too, if we who fought the Battle of South Boston are any judge at all.

Tammany Boy, by Dermot Cavanagh. Sears—limposible to tell whether the writer is Republican Alocratic. In any event, his depictions of politics the great big, wicked city are neither very temis-Alocratic. In an the great big, wick mor important.

Storming Heaven, by Ralph Fox. Harcourt, Brac-Youth in the New Russia. Seldom does a book out of power and simplicity come over the desk.

Day of Fortune, by Norman Matson. Century ecommended for its interpretation of boyhood.

A Little Clown Lost, by Barry Benefield. Centur-Dear, sweet, sentimental, whimsical—and insipid Show Girl, by J. P. McEvoy. Simon & Schuster-If you haven't read this yet, it whoopee long now, it the words of Walter Winchell.

Yes —Yes

Diversey, by MacKinlay Kantor. . . . Twopen Coloured, by Patrick Hamilton.

Perry Githens.

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Song and Dance

Sheet Music

Revenge—Despite its forbidding title, a highly fetching lyric romance has been evolved from the appellation of the new Dolores Del Rio finicker feature. Like "Ramona," which was infinitely a better son, than picture, the "Revenge" number will do mad for the picture in the way of favorable advance of the picture in the way of favorable advance. for the ballyhoo

In a Little Love Nest ('Way Up on the Hill-Johnny Tucker, erstwhile "singing fireman" of the New York smoke-eaters, recently obtained a year leave of absence to concentrate on conquering the royalty smoke of Tin Pan Alley. When Tuck fashioned a nonsense ditty, "Maggiel Yes, Ma'ss

ome Right Upstairs," it first inoculated him with is royalty germ, and this simple ballad should prove unfactory anti-toxin.

That Brand-New Model of Mine—The Detroit in-fence on Broadway's Tin Pan Alley is manifested a ditty punningly dealing with the latest thing in minne chassis; quite cleverly done in rollicking suppognaranteed to click with the parlor har-

Old Pals Are the Best Pals After All—Bromidic Old Gang of Mine" type ballad, destined to garner oyally shekels none the less.

Roses of Yesterday—The new Irving Berlin ballad, enerally appealing as are most of the prolific song-entitle bits, and destined to take its place with the other big royalty earners.

700 Busy—Breezy fox-trot song from the Windy

Records

Paul Whiteman—No question but that diligent spolication to one thing or another sharpens the technique. Ever an imposing exponent of dansapation, Whiteman seems to have heightened the rhythmic "sock" of his band by his summer dance engrements on the one-nighters—at \$2,000 a night, incidentally. It does not follow that when Whiteman returns to the concert field at Carnegie on October 7 his dance-purveying prowess will diminish, but somehow on Columbia 1491, 1496 and 1501 with a sextet of sprightly fox-trots—"Georgie Porgie" coupled with "Oh! You Have No Idea": "I'd Rather Cry Over You" mated with "Is It Gonna Be Long?"; and "hust a Little Bit o' Driftwood! "with "Out-o'-Town Gal"—he impresses particularly. The dance-hounds will like these.

The Presidential Election—Amos and Andy, alias Correll and Gosden, in comedy dialogue, offer a timely dissertation. Despite obvious desire for merchandizing neutrality, there is a shade in favor of the Republican candidate (Victor 21608).

the Republican candidate (Victor 21608).

Red Nichols—This ultra-modernistic jazz exponent with his Five Pennies has revived yesteryear favorites like "Whispering" and "There'll Come a Time." and "Margie" and "Panama." which are respectively coupled on Brunswick 3955 and 3961. The familiar rhythms serve as basic jazz excuses for intricate modulations and "heated" nuances that are altogether dance-inspiring.

altogether dance-inspiring.

Fritz Kreisler—The virtuoso's most rabid fans will relish these delightful Spanish pieces, Albeniz' Tango, 0p. 165, No. 2, and De Falla's Danse Espagnole (from "La Vida Breve"), which Kreisler himself arranged for the violin. One recognizes them as among the delicious short encore contributions with which the eminent virtuoso so often delights his audiences. Both are from the pianofortes of modern composers (Victor 1339). (Victor 1339).

(Victor 1339).

Cleveland Symphony Orchestra—In a special series of six Brunswick records Nos. 50143-8, the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokolofi, has transmitted to the disks the complete Rachmaninoff Symphony No. 2, E Minor, Op. 27. It is a superb work, faithfully recording all the beauty and majesty of the Rachmaninoff Symphony. Brunswick has issued a special album for the collection.

Sidewalks of New York and Medley of Old Timers—If you're the type that bribes hurdy-gurdy soloists to transplant themselves further down the block, it's so likely you will pay 75 cents to bring the hand-organ into your home. Just the same, this couplet, as played on a hurdy-gurdy (Brunswick 3992), is a sovel recording and just the thing for ribald nocturnal recasions.

Atms of Love—Harold Wansborough's ivory technique on QRS 4373 produces an excellent piano roll recording of a refreshing waltz song which can stand repeated rendition.

Abel Green.

HONORARY

THE pupils had a favorite teacher, as they do at all schools.

One of the children was a little girl, born of foreign parents, and she had a wholesome respect for this particular teacher. She persisted, however, in referring to her as Mrs. Smith.

"Why," asked one of the other pupils, "don't you call her Miss Smith? She isn't married."

"Oh," replied the girl, "I wouldn't dare do that. You see, I don't know her well enough." -New York Sun.

A LESSON IN THRIFT

Is a man, even one on a small salary, but resolutely resists the temptation to have a little fun occasionally and forms the habit of systematic saving, in twenty-five years or so he will have enough money to take advantage of a business opportunity and lose it all in a lump.

-Ohio State Journal.

after a quick lunch

Originated by Doctor Beeman over thirty years ago, Beeman's Pepsin Gum has been a popular favorite ever since for its fine quality and its distinctive flavor. Chew Beeman's after meals. It aids digestion.

-Milwaukee Sentinel.

BENEATH this sycamore there lies,

Alone at last and quiet, That elemental moron who

Thanks, I can never repay you.

Called everything "a riot."

POLITE BORROWER (pocketing ten):

-Richmond Chamber of Commerce Magazine.

ENOUGH

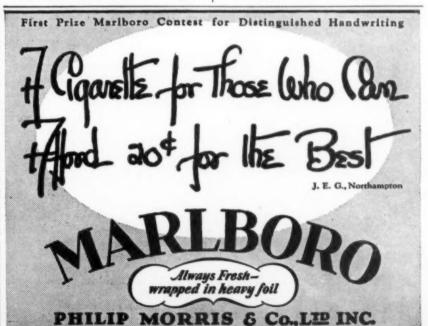
ALFRED hopes he is engaged to Eloise, and occasionally she lets him think so. Anyhow, he is very devoted. But this time the young

coquette was sweetly serious.

''Alfred, will you pardon me if I ask a ques-

"Yes."

"What did you pay for my birthday present?"
"All I had."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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Hill)—
" of the a year's ring the Tucker Ma'aml



played by more golfers than any other make of fine golf ball



THE

IMPORTED BLACK

SUGGESTIONS TO OUR CANDIDATE

To WILL ROGERS, Esq. DEAR WILL:

When I first picked up the news that you were a candidate for the Presidency on the "Anti-Bunk" ticket, I was frightened. I understood it to be the "Anti-Bunker" party, which led me to believe you were out to take all the exer-

cise away from the game of golf. However, now that I realize the new party has the first truly solid foundation,

I'm out to help you win.

Now, here is a suggestion which should be of material help in bringing out the Anti-Bunk votes.

The Ad Men's Post No. 209 of the American Legion, New York City, is other doubtful states as we fly over. sponsoring a race by two of its members from New York to Washington—one riding an elephant, the other a donkey (he sure will be a jackass if he tries to go through Bill Vare's Pennsylvania).

They are doing it so as to bring out

the vote of the people.

Now, Will-you know the Democrats think that the race will inspire the war veterans to vote for Al because he is going to give them back their liquor-that is, so they can buy their liquor from the U. S. Treasury Department direct.

The Republicans, however, know that the race will bring the soldier vote out for Hoover because the Democrats took the liquor away from them in the first

Either way, it's a lot of bunk, Will, because they get their liquor anyway, which, if brought to the veterans' attention, would naturally throw the votes to the Anti-Bunk party.

My idea is to bring this fact, and others which I'll tell you about later, to

the veterans' attention. How?

Make the airplane the symbol of the new party and enter it in the Ad Post

We could afford to be big-hearted in the matter, and even start twenty min-

utes after the others.

Should the jackass drop a shoe, or the elephant lose his trunk, we could jump back to New York for new supplies for the opposition (if any).

At meal times, Will, you and I could jump out to the Middle West, buy a bale of hay, a little wheat, and some oats, to bring back for the elephant's and donk's

repast.

Our buying from the farmer ought to give us the Farm Vote hands down. They are not looking for promises. Promises won't pay the taxes. They want action—business; and while the other parties are fishing for suckers in the farm lands, we'll just go out and get the votes.

Now about financing our trip! We'll just sell these provisions to the elephant and donk. By making them the goats we dent! Whoopee! get our publicity free. And if it takes the elephant and his little playmate half

as long as we think it will, we'll sho enough profit to start our 1932 campaign.

In making these suggestions and offer.

ing my services, I am entirely without thought of self. You know that, Will.

All I would want would be to have you appoint me Ambassador to the Court of St. James', with a few extra allowances, or Secretary of the Treasury, with headquarters in New York (someone has to stay here while Jimmy Walker tours the world).

Yours for bigger, better, and faster

party symbols.

JACQUES M. SWAAR,

NEW YORK, N. Y.

P. S. Be sure to bring your lasso with you so we can pick up Ohio and am

(Note: Mr. Swaab was formerly Cap. tain Swaab, Flight Commander of the 22d Pursuit Squadron with the A. E. F. Officially credited with having destroyed ten enemy planes in action, he won the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Aero Club of America medal, and was cited ten times in General Orders, His suggestion of the airplane as the emblem of the Anti-Bunk Party is a good one. Hitherto the emblem has been a cowpony, which was Our Candidate's favorite means of conveyance in the old days.)

ROGERS AND BENCHLEY TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

I'm working on a survey party way up here in the woods, and LIFE, 25 a Lydia Pinkham indorser would say, has been a great boon to me.

I've watched Will Rogers' campaign with a great deal of interest, as well as grins, and have a suggestion to make. Of course, you realize that your candidate is handicapped by not having a Running-Mate. But the position is a hard one to fill. Whose picture would look well alongside that of Mr. Rogers?

The answer is so close to you that you have allowed it to escape your observa tion. Editors of LIFE, I nominate Robert Benchley for the Vice-Presidency of the United States on the Bunkless ticket! Mr. Benchley's searching research work in American History is known the world over. He is already on the staff of Life, so you could probably persuade him to write campaign speeches for nothing.

Then, too, you must remember that he would be the Savior of His Party in uniting two great factions-those who spell "wouldent" and those who spell it "wouldn't." The intelligentsia, despairing of the efficacy of "wouldn't," would rally to the Bunkless standard, while the mobbunked by "wouldent" (I know Wilknows better), would vote the straight Bunkless ticket. Benchley for Vice-Presi

W. B. H.

CASLAND, WASH.

DUNILOPS **GAIN 99%** another new peak

MERICAN motorists boost Dunlop A sales to new peaks! During August 99% above last August.

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The May peak was 62% higher. June 65%. And July, up 97%.

Peak sales result from peak quality. The supreme quality of Dunlops is constantly proven by the unequaled service of the 26 million Dunlop tires now in use.

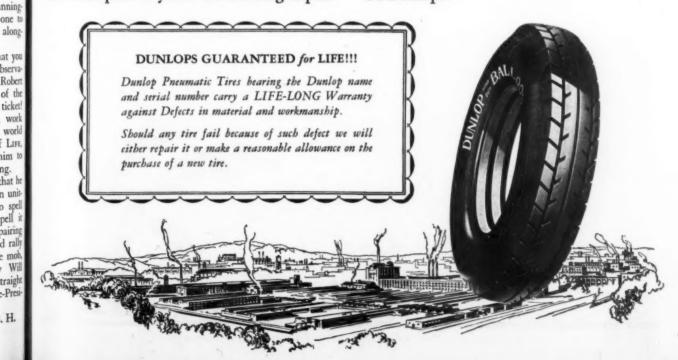
To insure service-giving qualities Dunlop has advantages in tire making which cannot be equaled by any other manufacturer.

For example: 40 years' tire building experi-

ence . . . vast Dunlop-owned rubber plantations... over \$195,000,000 in resources... and 45,000 trained craftsmen. All of these are evidence that Dunlop's peak quality can and will be continued.

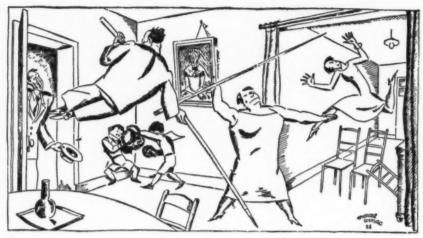
As Dunlop dealers are enjoying new peaks month after month — you will find their enthusiastic service to your advantage. With Dunlop quality long established, dealers will see that you personally are pleased.

Such dealer service, plus peak quality—as proven by the 26 million Dunlops now running—should mean that your next tires will be Dunlops.



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



THE OLYMPIC INFLUENCE

"Don't mind us-we've been this way since we got back from Amsterdam." -LE JOURNAL (PARIS).

CRESCENDO

An absent-minded pianist bought an automobile, and, after the salesman had give him two lessons, decided he could run it without assistance.

When he awoke in the hospital the first thing he said was: "I thought that was the loud pedal I pressed with my right foot."
"It was!" said the nurse with a smile.

-Louisville Times.

BOOKPLATE MOTTO

Because so many friends, gol dern 'em, Who borrow volumes don't return 'em, "Ex Libris" on my bookplate looks As if it meant, "My former books."

—A. G., in New York Herald Tribune.

HOLD EVERYTHING! WE'RE ON OUR WAY WANT ad in Philadelphia Inquirer: "Wanted-Young man to sleep in back of store.

-New York Evening Post.

EVENTS have taught this country one thing -never put all your scientists in one airship. -Indianapolis News.

ASTERISK-That little black thing in the time-table which means the train doesn't go on the day selected .- Detroit News.



"Now, Bruce, just what has this reel got to do with our honeymoon film diary?" —Movie Makers.

Highbrow: You are a pauper. Lowbrow: Hurrah! Is it a boy or a girl? -Green Goat.

THE EXCEPTION

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We loved-but it was not in vain; We did not wave good-by; He did not whistle down the lane; I did not want to die.

He did not meet another lass, Nor I another lad; Happy we saw the hours pass, And oh, what fun we had!

I did not write some pretty verse; He did not leave me flat. You poets, mournful as a hearse, What do you think of that? Norman R. Jaffray, in Saturday Evening Post.

Wife (to husband in yachting cap): I'm mi-prised at you, Ted—with that cap on, tool —Everybody's Weekly (LONDON).

CONDOLENCES

A small boy was told that he must write to his grandmother a letter of sympathy on the death of her husband. This was the letter, adorned with many blots, that eventually arrived:

"DEAR GRANDMA,-What a pity about poor Grandpa! Please send me some stamps. There is a new boy here who squeaks if I hit him.-With love, from Roger."-Tit-Bits (London).

NOT ALL THERE

"I'm not certain of the exact amount, but as you've given me a blank cheque that'll be all right. I'll give you a cell in the morning."

—Newspaper Serial.

Preferably a padded one.

-Humorist (London).

Nothing is less interesting than avoiding personalities .- Ohio State Journal



THE DISILLUSIONED LION: What a rotten world—there's no honesty in it any more!

WELL, WELL!

"Rey Daniels had one of his horses hurt real had Sunday morning being hit by an auto just ear the Wright farm while on his way to the factory, he was unable to get the license number and does not know who he was."

—Delawan Republican.

ir just goes to show that you should keep away from the factory on Sunday.

-Milwaukee Sentinel.

in a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

PLAINLY DISCOURAGED

In Ontario the speed cops seem to have given it up as a bad job. The highway signs read, "Notice, pavement slippery in wet weather.
Obey speed law." As much as to say, "In dry weather, disobey speed law and be hanged. We know you're going to, anyway."-Detroit News.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Alds digestion, Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE CURIO

Post.

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THE changing trend of the times and customs is reflected in the children and a casual question of the younger set brings it to notice. For instance, Marjorie, looking up from a book she was reading, asked, "Mother, what is a hat-pin?"

-Indianapolis News.



"How I'd just love to fly!" -L'ESQUELLA DE LA TORRATXA

(BARCELONA).

"Large brazen dinner-gang; chased; what fers?"—Advt. in a Weckly Paper. More "gate-crashers."—Humorist (London).

"If you're there before it's over, you're on time."-Mayor James J. Walker.

It's a hunt that every daily rhymer knows, It's a quest that's not rewarded every day; It is one of every column-cobbler's woes,

It's the one that makes a labor of his play It's the search for something metrical but plain That's at once a theme and climax for a rhyme,

And of such is Jimmie Walker's new refrain-"If you're there before it's over, you're on

Jimmie may have been referring to a ball, A reception, a convention or a fight; But his little crack applies to each and all, And to anything that happens, day or night. And I think I'll take that motto as my own, It will save a lot of energy, if I'm Careful every appointment to postpone-If you're there before it's over, you're on time!

Oh, the dreary dramas I need never see! Oh, the weary speeches I need never hear! Oh, the pleasure of a bridge-fight or a tea, If it's just about to end when I appear! Oh, the amateur recitals I shall miss,

Oh, the times I'll not be tortured into crime, Just because a famous mayor taught me this-"If you're there before it's over, you're on time!"

-Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York. Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).

White teeth deceive 4 out of 5 BECAUSE · ·

teeth are only as healthy as the gums

So many people think they are secure when teeth are gleaming white. But too often they surrender to a disease of neglect-Pyorrhea.

Lurking behind clean teeth is this marauder that takes high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger. It ignores the teeth and attacks

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. And start using the dentifrice that cleans teeth without the use of harsh abrasives and at the same time helps keep the gums firm and healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Morning and night, every day, use Forhan's for the Gums. Massage your gums daily with this dentifrice, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. Then you provide the protection teeth and gums must have. At all druggists-in tubes, 35c and 60c. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY

A World-wide superiority-

Apollinaris

The Finest Hotels. Steamers, Railways and Clubs serve it to their most discriminating patrons, the world over

The Finest Sparkling Table Water in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co. Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Fat Does Depart Without Starving



Slender people all about you can tell you how to lose fat easily and pleasantly. They have done it, and without abnormal exercise or diet.

They used Marmola prescription tablets, the scientific method. They used them to cor-rect a gland deficiency which makes many over-stout. Just as modern doctors do.

Marmola has been used for 20 years—millions of boxes of it. The use has grown to enormous proportions, because of results seen in every circle. People who have lost fat and gained new vitality are in every community telling others the way. They will tell you if you ask them.

There is no secret about it. The formula of Marmola comes in every box, with the scientific reasons for results. You know what you are taking, and why.

Go get it if you are over-fat. Read the book in the box, then watch the effects. Do this for beauty's sake, for health's sake, for greater joy in living. Don't envy the slender. Go do what they did.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets The Pleasant Way to Reduce

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-one years. In that time it has expended \$419,278.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 51,000 poor city chil-

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded city streets. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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(Continued on page 22)	250.00

(Continued on page 32)



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There is one sure way that never fails to re-move dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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When you see your fiance, for the first time, in his bathing suit . . . Light a MURAD.

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BALLADE TO A DENTIST

Nor for the instruments of this, your trade,—
The pick, the whining drill, the probe and

Nor for the needless havoc that you made—
The broken tooth patched-up with dental glue;
Not for the perfect hell you put us through,
But for the fulsome sympathy you shammed,

The line of piffling prattle you pursue,—
For this shall your immortal soul be damned.

Not for the work half-done, the tissues flayed, Nor for the spotless molars that you drew "To find out if the roots were bunched or splayed,"

Nor that you made us impotent to chew
Our daily bread; but this shall be your due
Because you quoted Kipling while you rammed
Right to the nerve some poison that you
brew,—

For this shall your immortal soul be damned.

Not for the lies wherewith you have betrayed Our mouths to torment,—and although you knew Your "This-won't-hurt" made Ananias' shade Turn green,—yet not for that Hell gapes for you:

But since on one who had good cause to rue Your handiwork last week, your door was slammed

Because you had a long week-end in view, For this shall your immortal soul be damned.

L'Envoi

Prince, to relieve my pain, the most you'll do Is this: "Next Thursday, though your day is crammed,

You'll try to fit me in at half-past two."

For this shall your immortal soul be damned.

—H. S. Mackintosh, in the London Mercury.

OUT OF RANGE

A CLEVELAND woman who won a rolling pinthrowing contest has been engaged for a vaudeville tour. This should make a demand, for the first time, for seats in Row Z.—Detroit News.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 30)

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